

LOVE AND HONOUR,

Written by
W. DAVENANT Knight.

Presented by His Majesties Servants
at the *Black-Fryers*.



LONDON,
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and Hum: Moseley at the Princes Armes in
St. Pauls Church-yard. 1649.

Dramatis Personæ.

The old Duke of *Savoy*
His brother
The Duke of *Millaine* } Disguised like
 } Embassadors.

Alvaro, Prince of *Savoy*
Leonell, Prince of *Parma*
Prospero, a young Count
Caladine, an old Counsellor
Vasco, a Collonell

Alteſto
Frivolo } Officers and Souldiers.
Tristan }

Evandra, Heire of *Millaine*
Melora, Sister to *Leonell*
An old Widow
Lelia, her Maide
Boy
Musitians
Souldiers
Servants

The Scene *Savoy*.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Act I. Scene I.

A Retreat being sounded as from far, Enter Vasco.

Alceste, Frivole.

Vasco. **H**ark boys? they found us a retreat? this skirmish (his)
Was no rare pastime to con-
me at:

'Tis saffer wraffling in a bed', give me
Hence-forth your white fac'd foe, a plump
faire enemie

That wears her head-piece laid; I'm for
a cambric helmet, I.

Alfred. And yet these mighty men of
Middin got

But little by the sports, some of them shall
Vouchsafe to wear a single arme hereafter,
Two woddlen leggs too, and limpe their
dayes out

Kean Hofmann.

Private How? an Hospital?

Fast. A rode, a rode, your highway fir is

**Your only walker of state for your maimed
soldier.**

Your Hospitals and pensions are reserved
For your maim'd Mercer, decay'd sonnes
o' th' shop.

They have been often cracked, not in their crowns.

Like us, but in their credit.

Private—And plucker squires, that have bin
long dilc'd

In their Lords service; a score of dockets
Shall bribe them into place, where they may
sleep.

And ease, and pray too, but with breath so
much

Unholiness, th'syre can hardly purify't

And make it fit to reach near heaven.

Ahefo. Well, the surprise is in citadel, wherein

The Duke had plac'd his daughter, with the
 Edition

Of her train, and treasure too, was a service
Of most rare work.

Fafa. Just when they fall'd out
To quarrel here in pieces, then posse in
By Ambrosi wilfully tryd, and murther them all
Our prize, was miracle.

Frivola. They say his daughter scrip'd and fled, with her

As her best guard, one they call Zevul

Enter Trifluoromethane

Whom Our Count Profits benefit

Vof. Trifan? Welcome, is all our pleasure
waggon

Shall it be right for Term? ☒ Yes ☐ No

Trifan: All's well my lady ready, but
horse too.

Have founded a retreat, and the fox himself
He walks with his hands in a pocket.

shipper In a frost, travel full out.

Prof. Well, let me reckon my estate
with a widder's brisner.

Exhibit A

Young my Duff, she's yet in her first bloom
And I've danc'd a her merrily too.

My Mothers house, thy prisoner in her company.

They are administered.

Daft: You have the look; their bald chinnies are as familiar

With their good flarrs, as with four-rowels,
Play with them, and turn on which way they
please.

I thought we had he, and yet (forsooth)
His person must be sure, and young, it came
So and the night have given *Mercurius* foot.
Now the flocks too, for the hark no recth left,
In one month the cost me as much in caw-
fles.

And sweet candy, as her ran one comes too.

Prof. But you have other pillage Captaine.

Vas. Let me see, 3 Barbaric houses with rich

Caparisons, 2 Chests o' th' Generalls cloths.

Alf. And 14 chests o' th' Generalls plate.

Prof. In what place *Alf.*

Vas. How? plate? shall we encounter our
fow'd fish

And broyd *Platten* in silver service, ragas?

Alf. We shall Captaine, but you may

tip your morfell in good China earth.

Alf. All your plate *Vas.* is the silver

handle.

Of your old prisoners frame.

Prof. And with him the brave prize.

Prof. *Alf.* do not mourne, I that have

You captive thus with hazard of my youth.

And blood, shall think you now as worthy of

My care, as of my valour in the fight;

Can I esteeme you lesse by being mine?

Alf. What have I done (unknown unto

my heart)

That I should tempt your valour to so great

Obli'd more than my prayers, that heaven

shall leave

Me to become the scorn of victorie?

Prof. It is the sad premissure of your

Exemplar birth and beauty, to confert

Monie on him that is your conqueror.

Alf. *Prof.* is that the word that hath

trayd the Emulous world, and scold the

noblest race

Of men, into a yea, and anay, death

tailon as one comide

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4 A

If 'twere a vertue 'twould not strive t'in
thrall

And then distress the innocent.

Prof. I am the discipline, and since I

I had the growth to write a frowd, I need

Was taught how to frowd by reason, but

By strength. *Alf.*

Alf. My Lord.

Prof. Take here this Lady to your charge,

conduct

Her unto *Turin*, and there guard her in

My house *Turin* approach.

Alf. I shall my Lord.

Prof. Let her be safe *Alf.* in thy care

On forerune of life, the is my prisoner

And th' noblest in the field, the beaurous

Heire of *Millaine*; had not my niggard stars

Intended me but halfe as many, so

The Duke her Father had lamented now

Under the same fate.

Vas. I could with your Lordship would

believe me

A fit man, to take charge of the Lady.

Prof. VVhy Captaine?

Vas. You could not commit her to as

Lenoch

VVith more safety; if the great *Turke* knew

me

(Honest *Alf.*), he would trust me in's *Te-*

raglio

(By this hand) without delinking one graine

beneath the waste.

Prof. Successe hath made you wanton Cap,

Vas. Besides (my lord) I have time in

old *Abelle*

Prisoner, o' such a Governelle for a

Young maid, shal lead to her such ho-

milies,

And teach her such receipts out of the *Fa-*

ther,

How to cure the toothach, preserve plums,

And boyle Amber possin, will make her fir

In three dayes a very Sc.

Prof. VVell you shall take my bounty too

close by

The valley that doth joine to th' neighbour

grove

Lyes, occupied by my sword a *Millan*

knighr,

His wounds medicin'd & stopp'd by the best, as

I had, but by much losse of blood that I yet

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To move him, and his rancorous bestow
 And thank your Lordship for the love

Prof. But with such nobility that can be built
 A stronger than the walls of Troy.

Alb. And fought with eager and with skillfull
 strength yet so soft, so moderate and

To free that lady from my bonds, but the
 glad day was mine.

Prof. He shall be kindly us'd, and best be
 Only your good lordship must give me leave

When he pay's his ransom to weigh his gold,
 Were he my father, he must endure

The tryall of my feates follow *Trifol.*
Prof. Make haste; let him well waggoned,

And provide with him what you will
 A surgeon to attend his carer. *Ex. Prof. Trifol.*

Enter. Sit down your hand no pity yet within
 Your breast; you have already the wound

Of your stern fathers spirit, is there not
 In all your heart, much of softness and

Declares you had a mother too? I
 Be led away, and let a sword laid down

lame your victory? *Prof.* Alas, beate her from my sight, make
 her name false, and let it converse with treason.

Exit. *Alas, beate her from my sight, make
 her name false, and let it converse with treason.*

Enter. *Alas, beate her from my sight, make
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Villain looks, but I have heard of cunning
 fellows that they wronged, but we must be

in d. *Prof.* *Alas, beate her from my sight, make
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I've sent (Woe you are pleas'd to vallow for
My wonder wiles) which may perhaps de-
serve

Your fathers thanks, and yours, and's yet un-
known

Was you both, *Eumelus*, heir of *Milaine*,
I have bought for, ransomed prisoners, and sent
To *Turin*, a reward for our just war.

Alas, Hah! the faire *Eumelus* made pri-
soner?

And *Prospers* by thee?

Pris. Why should you thinke him whom
you prais'd, my dear child, so much
So much, unfit for such a victory.

Alas. Now all the blessings of my faithfull
love

Are lost! she whom I doted on with my
Most chaste and early affection, is lost
In bonds, to appease my cruell fathers wrath.

Call My Lord, he lov'd her much, although
temp'rately

Conceal'd from gen'ral knowledge, and his
friends.

Pris. Then mount my courser *Brissols*,
and try

If by the happy quickness of his speed,
Thou canst recover her returne, and life.
Her with such faire respective homage as
May expiate my violent surprize. *Ex. Pris.*

Alas. Fly, fly, I would thy visible motion
could

Oreake the arrow from th' *Assyrian* bow,
Or swifter lightning, whom our fight pursues
And is to slow to reach.

Pris. What have I done, that I should thinke
mistake

An act of valiant glorie, for a deed
That argues an austere ignoble rage?

Alas. Faire *Eumelus*, the pride of *Italy*,
Be witness the *Graces* met so restless
Themselves, that had not cause enough to
blush

Vainly for pity they were not to good.

As they thinke now the *Eastern* spices sweet,
And that the blossoms of the spring perfume
The morning ayre; necessity must rule

Believe less draw our *Altars* with them now,
Since they imprison'd, stifled, and choild up
Like weeping *Roses* in a silly, white Inar-

then through a pure, delicate: then all
our crimes

Pris. Is she not faster then
For *Turin*, than for *Milaine* sir? I saw
You take prisoners, and in my fury had
Discretion to achieve the best.

Alas. O thou hast lost my heart, hence dost
proceed

This recreant act, that to thy savage courage
I could never joyne the temperance
Of sweet Philosophy, hadst thou been learn'd,
And read the noble deeds of gentle knights,

Reason had check'd thy rage, thy will
would

Have been more pitifull than to have lead
A virgin into harsh captivity.

Pris. I thought I had done well.

Alas. How! well? draw back that falsehood
In thy breath.

Agon, or I will pierce thy heart, that thou
Mayst dye Impenitent.

Draws his sword, Call. Ayres him.
Vnhand me *Callandine*, I've already met
My better thoughts; why should I waste my
wrath

On such a forester? wild as the woods,
Where he should graze with the brute herds,
who though they want

Discourive foule, are lesse inhumane farr
than he.

Pris. She was the daughter of our greatest
enemies.

And so I m'd her sin.

Alas. A cholerick Beare, or hungry Paw
ther would

Have m'd her with more soft remorse, had I
Incounter'd her in the mad, haste of chase,
In all the fury of the fight, I would

Have taught my angry blood the ease and
The peacefull motion of a lambe.

She should have set his back soft as the ayre
And in her girdle bridle him, more curb'd
Than in his foaming bit, with his her slaves,
Walk'd by, marking what hasty flowers
spring up,

Invited by her eye beames from their cold
rocks.

And this would each true soldier do, that had
Refus'd his courage with the sober checks
Of sweet Philosophy.

Pris. Would you had taught me some Phil-
osophy

Before I learn'd to fight.

Shall I be so bold to tell you he has marry'd
 ers fell

Since *Nathan* has told you he has marry'd
 have him

Levett. Have you any knowledge of the
 lady's story

That was surpris'd from any passion by
 young *Proffers*

Ves. Good ; was not a conquest of her
 So libidinous as policy and state

Has he married to the lady's choice
 In life is this, which I think we meet

To lead a common life
 As I have heard of some

That have been married to a lady's choice
 And have been married to a lady's choice

That have been married to a lady's choice
 And have been married to a lady's choice

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Were learn'd enough to read on or that we
 Courage enough not to obey them

Proffers. It is a prodigious all female province
 After a year's time I shall have the choice

To receive to *Millam*, and *Proffers*
 Only a year is given to the conquerors

That have the best of birth and dowry
 If we can vote them to choose, marry

But we have no power in the matter
 Inforce a man's choice on pain of death

Ves. My husband hath one order with her
 Maidenhead

Ten years ere I win borne
 For I mean time *Proffers*

As a reward for our hopes we must
 Maintain them at our own charge

Proffers. Must not the men see their
 rank

Ves. Yes, yes, they say I have a Knight
 given me

By your Count *Proffers* shall tell his story
 Ere he escape free, I will pursue him till he

Be worn out with a square
Proffers. Then art as cruel as a Constance

That's wak'd with a quarrell out of his first
 sleep

Ves. Hang him bold Constance, hee indies
 And will live as well by sending short
 pills

Or by *Proffers* whips at your gamblers elbow
 When the great by is drawn as day bath full

Gallies of em all
Proffers. But what's the cause our Duke is so

Upon the heels of *Proffers* whom he said
 Shall suffer in his death yet is this kind

To others of his sex
Proffers. He dies to justice

A year he made in's youth, when those of
Millam

Took his brother prisoner and would not be
 Appare'd without the forfeiture of a head

Proffers. I am not yet instructed *Proffers*
 Why should not then the rest we took

too
Proffers. *Exandra* is a sacrifice for all
 His other mercy takes from the crooked

He shows an her

He shows an her

He shows an her

He shows an her

Enter Alceste

Vas. From whence *Alceste* comes your
loftiness?

Alceste. Why, from the Duke; I had laid
me
For breakfast a fine comfortable ginne.

Vas. VVhat was't, a wench?

Alceste. A rack *Vasco*, a rack;
A certaine Instrument that will extend, and
draw

Our sinewes into treble stringes, and stretch
Our great shinne bones, till they become
slender

As knitting needles, or a Spiders legs.

Vas. Didst thou commit Treason? 'tis
well thou hast

A braine for any thing, the age requires
Parts, we cannot eat esse, but quick, the cause.

Alceste. 'Twas to discover where I left
Evandra,

VVhom *Prospero* deliver'd to my charge;
I answer'd a full truth, that I restor'd

Her to his hands, at his returne to's house,
And this (as fortune would vouchsafe) the

Duke
Believ'd without applying (Gentlemen)

The recreation of the rack.

Fri. But she is not yet found.

Alceste. No, and the Duke believes her still
i'th Town.

Therefore a guard is plac'd at all the gates
to hinder her escape.

Vasco. I do not like

This cutting off young wenches heads; 'tis
thought

They cannot kill him softly without them.

Tripp. But how does *Prospero* excuse her
flight?

Alceste. He says she's stoln away, but shews
no manner how;

And th'angry Duke, though he be precious in
His love, threatens him much.

Vas. Some Angell stole her from him, and
Gentlemen

If I have any skill in Magick you
Shall see her three daies hence pinking in a
Cloud,

Southward of yonder Seas; look up, just
there;

With her Ivory Lure hanging at her back,
And working me a scarfe of sky-colour'd
Sattin.

Alceste. A halter (*Vasco*) to save the poore
Scare

The charge of a penny, thou'lt have need
on't.

Vas. What's become of *Melara*, your
saire prisoner?

You heare the Proclamation.

Alceste. Yes, and am well pleas'd, I meane
to wooe, and marry her, she hath

Twelve thousand crowns by good intelli-
gence.

Vas. If she consent, but I am of the faith,
Such Suckets are but seldome swallow'd by

Us wealthy Aldermen o'th Campe; a joy-
ture

Is the word *Alceste*, and then you'll see her
A young back with a Sword hanging over't.

Worse than a hand saw.

Alceste. Just now I left her at my mothers
house;

And first *Vasco*, she looks, oh rogue, rogue;
A Flanders peake i'th middle of her brow,

Which straight I spy, and shake, and melt
then speak

Fine language to her, and am ditions with
My Bonnet at her lustre thus.

Vas. Th'ast found the way.

Alceste. Then *Vasco* she moves back, dis-
covering him

The very verge of both her pick'd toes,
But in white Shoes, and then I'm taken in.

I stand like one of the Turkes chidden notes,
A girle in a Bongrace thus high may re-
veng me.

Fri. Alas poore Gentleman!

Alceste. But *Vasco*, her fingers, by this cold
day,

I think they are smaller than thy point tapers;
And she behaves them on the Virginals

So prettily, I'd wish no more of her ven,
Than once to h' at her play *Fortune my Fate*

Or *John come kiss me now*.

Vas. Those are tunes my old widow pri-
sonee sings

With more division than a water-work
When the maine pipe is halfe stopp'd.

Fri. You have a young allowance
her *Vasco*.

Tripp. She's rich, I know her husband, he
thriv'd more;

By a monopoly he had of dead womens hair,

All *Milans* talk'd of us; she kept another shop

Under *St. Mandline* wall, and quilted ushers
Calvill.

Ref. Well Gentlemen, let's waste no time,
I'll to

My Barbers straight, purge, shave, and wash,
for know

If cleanness and good looks will do't Ile
reach

Her Grandamship to mump, and marry
too.

Or my arts fail; *Frivole*, you and *Tristan*
Follow me, I shall employ you both.

Albr. I am for *Prospero*, he sent to speak
with me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alvaro, Prospero (with a Key,
and Lights.)*

Albr. Sir, you have made me know my
cruelty,

'Twas such incomely valour, that I blush
To name it, and trust me, could I sink low as

The Center whilst I kneel, still would I thus
Implore your pardon, and your love. *Kneels*

Alva. Arise, I have a memory so apt
To advance my pitty above my anger
when

It mentions thee, that Ile forget the cause
That made thy guilt, and me to mourne;

but O,
This dismal place brings it again to thought,

This looks methinks like to the dark
And hidden dwelling of the winds, as yet

Unknown to men, where stormes ingender,
and

The whirling blasts that trouble Nature till
She tremble at their force, and rouse all

The sumptuous piles of Art.

Pros. Necessary hath caus'd this choice,
till the

Severe inquiry of your Father be
Appear'd, and we can shape her a disguise
fit to

Convey her from the Towne.

Alva. VVish soft and gentle summons call,
that she

May clime unto the top, and verge o' th' cave.

Pros. *Evandra*, speak, ascend to us; I am
Your penitential, and my, that come

To sweep away my trespass at your feet.
Alva. *Evandra*, sit, break from this thick

And silent darkness, like the eldest light.

*The Stage opens, Prospero lifts Evandra, and
Alva. Halmy Lord, the Prince?*

Alva. O noble mood, what expiation can
Make fit this young and cruel Soldier for

Society of men, that hath deserv'd
The Genius of triumphant glorious war

VVith such a rape upon thy beauty
Or what lesse hard than marble of

The *Parian* Rock, canst thou believe my
heart,

That wou'd and bred him my Disciple in
The Campe, and yet could teach his valour no

More sencerelle than injur'd *Scythians* use
VVhen they are vex'd to a revenge? but I e

Hath moov'd for it, and sure *Evandra* thou
Art strangely pittifull, that dost so k. a z.

Conceale an anger that would kill us both.

Evandra. Sir, I am nobly recompenc'd, in
that

You will vouchsafe me worthy of your grief,
And though I dye forgotten here, 's a poore

And luckless maid lost like a blossom which
Th' injurious wind buries in dust, yet so

Much courtesie deserves to be remembred
even in heaven.

Alva. Was this a subject fit to beare the
pride

And insolent calamity of war?
As well had it become in the worlds youth

The Giant Race to hunt with mighty force,
And iron shield, the soft and tender *Ermine*;

Evandra, I have lov'd thee much, and long,
Why dost thou stare, as if some jealous

thought
Did whisper that my love devis'd this snare

To keep thee here within my power, and
reach?

Evandra. I cannot think you are so cruel to
Your selfe; afflict the thing that you esteem.

Alva. No beaunious maids, had I beheld
thy flight

In our sterne exercise of wrath, I wou'd
Have made the bloody field a garden fit

I' adorne the shewes of a triumphant peace;
And ev'ry soldier like a reaper cloth'd,

Fitter to use his sickle than his sword.
Still thou receyv'st like the chaste Indian

plant, at the
that shrinks, and curls his bushfull leaves,
Approach of man.

Evan. I've lost my reason, and I want the courage.

To entertaine you kindnesse as I ought.

Alva. Is it because my yeares a little have Oregrowne my youth, or that the enmity Our Fathers interchange begets in thee A factions hate, till't make thy duty sinne? But tis not possible thou canst create A thought will merit such a name.

Evan. The gentle businesse fir of love is fit For howers more calme, and blest than those A captive can enjoy.

Alva. These are not words

To quiet me in sleepe, & peacefull thoughts.

Pres. Nor shall I evermore relish delights And triumphs of the court, or haughty joyes Of warre and victorie.

Alva. *Evan*dra live, be yet some happi- nesse

Vnto thy selfe, and with the patience that Becomes a maids divinitie, relieve Thy heart with easie hope of libertie, Inforcing a content within this darke And solitarie cave, till I have power With apt disguise to further thy escape, Which shall be hastned with my ablest skill, Beleeve me good *Evan*dra, the honour of My birth and soule shall warrant it.

Evan. You are a Princee renound, and precious for Your faith, and courtesie.

Alva. Thinke not lie use advantage, or constraint

Vpon thy love, a virgins heart (I know) Is sooner strok'd than check'd into a kind Surrender of her breath.

Evan. Sir, all the bounties that the heavens provide

For truth and clemency, fall on your still.

Alva. If thou suspectt I've not enough of cold

And holy temper to resist the flames Of appetite, command that I shall see Thee here no more, & my obedience strait Shall be restrained within a sacred yow, For I would have thy thoughts (*Evan*dra) safe As thy beauties are.

Evan. It were a crime Greater (I hope) than I shall ere commit To doubt such princely goodnesse can per- vert it selfe.

Alva. Then I shall cherish opportunities To hasten my returne.

Evan. Not Angells sure when they converse, can meet

VVith lesse intent of sinne, and more of joy?

Alva. VVell, I must see thee oft, thy wondrous eyes

Have softned all my spirits to a calme And easie temper for thy sway, that I Could change my corslet, and my iron vests Of rugged war, to move in gentle pace, Vnto the tunefull whispers of thy Love, Still cloth'd in tender garments of thy work, And for a plumed Helmet weare chaplets Of flowers, in a mysterious order rank'd By thy white virgin hand, thou like thy next Ore-busie maid, bind up thy looser phylletting And please in curls thy soft dishevell'd haire.

Ile make my frequent visits here till thou Confesse how much I am subdu'd.

Evan. I am oppress'd with feare, & be watch- full Duke

Your father should observe, vnto this sad Vnusuall place, your stolne approach, & then My sorrowes would be doubled in your danger.

Alva. Danger? how poble lovers smile at A thought? tis love that enely fortifies And gives us mighty vigor to attempt On others force, and suffer more than we Inflict; would all the souldiers that I led, In active war, were lovers too, though leane, Feebled, & weaken'd with their ladys frowns; How when their valours stirr'd, would they march strong,

through hideous gulphs, through numerous herds

Of angry Lyons, and consuming fire?

Knock within.

Evan. What doubtfull noyke is that?

Alva. 'Tis *Calladin*, I did appoint him here.

Say *Proffers*, let him not enter yet.

O envious chance, must we depart so soon?

They put *Evan*dra downe in the cave, Descend like the bright officer of day,

Whilst darkned we thy beauteous absence mourne,

And every flower doth weepe till thy re- turne?

Opens the doors, lets in Calladine.

Pros. His looks declare there's hazard,
and some haste.

Al. What wouldst thou speak.

Cal. The Duke your father (sir) is much
perplex'd;

He calls for *Prospere*; and it is feard,
Will torture him to find *Evandra's* flight.

Al. He shall not yet appear; I will in-
dure

His angers edge with venture of my selfe.

Stay till I send. *Exit.*

Cal. My Lord, I grieve to see your sor-
rows beare

So great a weight, as makes you groane unto
Your selfe; this silence, and fixation of
Your eyes, untill unchanged objects cause
Them ake, is much unlike your wonted
mind;

Suspect not but the Prince will qualifie
His Father to a peace, and a more just
Interpretation of your worth.

Pros. Know *Calladine*, 'tis not *Evandra's*
bonds,

Not all the torments that th'incensed Duke
From cruelty or art can minister,

Have power to freeze, and freeze me like a sta-
tue thus.

I have another cause that swells my heart,
Till I grow too spacious for my breast.

Cal. Lai sir! your favours have oblig'd
me so

That I must share your griefe, and 'twould
perhaps

Affect some remedy to share the cause.

Pros. I know not *Calladine* in the vast world
One I more love, or would so boldly trust;
But 'twill think me mad.

Cal. My Lord, Ile forget then my man-
ners and

My reason too.

Pros. Come, thou shalt know, I love —

How wilt thou like to see in ambitious eyes
Looke higher than the Eagle, when he soares
To elevate his sight? I love —

Cal. Who is 't you love?

Pros. *Evandra*; 'now misse pity in thy
frown.

Cal. 'Tis sad the Prince and you should
meet with so

Whith violence in the same choice.

Pros. At first, i'th rage of fight, I gaz'd
on her,

With halfe discernings of her forme, a mite
Of fury hung between us then, but since
That I have view'd her beauty with some
care,

And seen how sweetly she demeanes her in
Calamity, I have o'rethrown my heart
With liking her too much.

Cal. It will require great wisdom to per-
swade

In this, the cause is dangerous.

Pros. Would I had nere been born, then
I had mis'd

The sight and memory of her, and my
Fond errors should have been as much un-
known

As m^r. uncreated selfe.

Enter Alceste.

Al. My Lord, your servant gave me en-
trance with

Command that I should speak with you.

Pros. 'Tis true; *Alceste* y^e have a maiden
prisoner,

Call'd *Melara*; 'tis my request that you
Conduct her higher in disguise, though law
Newly proclaim'd, allow no ransom for her;
You shall be paid your own demand.

Alceste. Ile obey your Lordship, she shall
attend

You straight, what use can he employ her to?

Pros. Come *Calladine*, ease me with thy
counsel. *Exit.*

Enter Vasco, Triflan, Privates, Lelia.

Vas. Is *Lelia* your own prisoner *Triflan*?

Triflan. The powerful purchase of my sword.

Vas. What is she heire to? a brass chim-
ble, and

A skeane of brown thread? she'll not yeeld
thee in

Alceste above a duckett being strip'd;

And for her clothes they'r fitter for a paper-
mill

Than a Pallace.

Fri. Let her serve your captive widdow;

Vas. Why *Triflan*, that's a yeares wages
for you;

'Tis well thought on; will you serve *Lelia*?

Lel. I hope sir I shall be fit to serve.

Vas. Yes, serve for an Hospitall, when the
first

Of the Campe are retir'd into your bowes;
She's wickly out of Linnen.

Triph. How can I help't?

Vas. Let her make love to a Sexton, and
steale shrowds.

Fri. Trust my knowledge *Vasco*, she's for
thy turne.

Present her to thy widdow, she may wooe
In thy behalf, tosse plum cakes for her Mus-
kadinge.

And brush her velvet hood on holy dayes.

Vas. *Triph* convey her to her as my gift;
But *Lelia* you must speake notable words

Of me, first what a goodly man I am;
That I get Matrons at a hundred and ten

VVith double Twine, and how in time of
warre

I fill up the muster with mine own lisse.

Lel. Marry sir, heaven forbid.

Vas. D'you heare? this weuch has been
villanously

Ill bred, and he lay my life
She sings at her work too the holy caroll

O'th Ladies daughter converted in *Paris*;
She was of *Paris* properly, &c.

Triph. Fie *Lelia*, you must now take care,
you are

Not now i'th Campe, but in a civill Common
wealth.

Lel. I shall endeavour sir to learne.

Vas. Nor must you perswade you *Mistris*
rise

Too early to her beads, she may catch cold,
Having already a pestilent cough,

And so will dye before I marry her.

Lel. I hope I shall not be so mischievous.

Vas. VVell Gentlemen, the fruitfull houre
is now

Draw neere that gives successe, this morn-
ing must

Expose me to great charge.

Fri. Thou dost not meane
To court her at her window with rare mu-
sicke?

Vas. No, she's very deafe, so that cost
is layd.

Fri. What other charge the hath no teeth
fit for

A dry Panquet, and dancing she is past,
Unless with crutches is an Antimasque.

Vas. I will provide her Culleries, and
Broths

That may fix metall in her, in this case
She is, know my good friends, I find
Her no more fit for the businesse of encrease,
Than I am to be a Nunne.

Triph. Thou wilt take care to trim thy
person.

Vas. I came just now from consultation
with

My Barber, who provides me a large maine,
A lock for the left side, so rarely hung

With Ribbanding of sundry colours fir,
Thou'lt take it for the Rainbow acwly

crisp'd

And trim'd, *Sacrophalus* nere wore the like.

Fri. VVhen you have teach'd Sir *Lesael*
Ransome,

And the rich widdows wealth, we are forgot,
Like creatures of *Japan*, things hardly to

Be search'd for in the Map.

Triph. In one short month I shall not know
his name.

Vas. 'Tis then because thou canst not
read, for thou

Shalt find it fairely carv'd on each new
Church

And Hospitall, I meane to build space,
And have my blew boyes March through

the streets

Two and two, provided for in gilded
Primmets,

And their choys of murrins go haste to the
widdows,

Present your Damselfe be with you straight;
My captive Knight would speak with me.

Enter Leon.

Leon. I am bold sir to make free use of
your

Most spacious roomes for benches of aire.

Vas. Sir you are welcome, 'tis a liberty
That I expect, and I joy much your wounds

So prosper in their cure.

Leon. You shew your inclination kind
and noble

But is there of *Euandra* yet no newes?

You promis'd to enquire whether her flight
Be true, or to what place she made escape.

Vas. No certaintie is known, but all the
Court

Troubled with doubts, shortly you will
heare more.

Leo. If you could bring me fir to *Prospero*,
Or to the Prince, on some affaires that may
Perhaps advantage them, and my own good,
You shall oblige me much to serve you in
My better fate or fortunes.

Vas. I will endeavor it, and as you find
Me ready to assist all your requests,
I hope fir, youle see cause to pay your ran-
some.

With what haste you can, for I would faine be
able

To doe good deeds, & we have many poore
I th' towne that want their charitie, who have
A will as ready as their wealth.

Leo. Believe me you expresse a soule
that hath

Been bred, and exercis'd in holy thoughts.

Vas. Faith fir not moch, only you know a
man

Would joy to doe some good whilst he's a-
live,

For after death our gifts I ever thought
Rather proceeded from a devour necessity,
Than any free desire.

Leo. 'Tis wisely try'd.

Vas. It hath been a maxime I have held
long.

Leo. And it becomes you still my ransom
Be suddenly prepar'd.

Vas. I thank you fir; follow, & he procure
You an addresse toth' prince or *Prospero*.

Exit.

Leo. If she were fled, her person is of so
Esteem'd, and eminent a rate, that straight
Her instant residence must needs be known.

There is much art in these affaires, how will
She lodge on me, that in so great a cause
Could strike, or yeeld to angry fate: I will
Indure her stormes, in a deserv'd reward,
Nor should a lovers hopes grow cold be-
cause.

The Influence that last did governe him,
Was sick, and cold, that destiny is gone,
The firmament contains more starres than
ode.

Exit.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

*Enter Leonell and Prospero, (with a
Noble and a boy.)*

Prof. It glads me to behold your strength
so well

Restor'd, and fir, I with the fortune of
My sword, had met another cause, & esteem'd;
Your ransom I have paid, and so much
prize

Evandra's happinesse, that since you make's
Appare your company will tender her
Some quietnes, and joy, in this her sad
And solitarie state, you shall both see, and
stay with her.

Leo. From my first infancy I tooke my
speech

And breeding in her fathers court, and by
My neerenes to her, both in deeds and place
I th' day of sight, you may beleve I am
Of qualitie enough to be esteem'd and well-
com'd in her miserie.

Prof. Your valour then did speake you
more than all

The praise your modestie can urge,

Leo. My Lord, it is your gentleness to
have

A courteous faith, but I am bold to think
My sight will comfort her so much that she
Will pay you thanks for giving so free trust
Vnto my confidence.

Prof. My kindness to you I shall reserve
Till happier bowers, this fir, for her sake,
That she may have the benefit of your
Approach, retire a while within, that key
When I am gone, will open you a doore,
That leides unto a cave. — *Exit Leonell.*

Melora? where art thou? this way, the light
Condemns thee, thou art safe.

Enter Melora.

Mel. How darke, & like the dusty hollownes
Of tombes where death inhabits, this ap-
peares?

Prof. Now you shall know the cause why
I have brought

Your liberty, *Evandra's* daughter to
Your *Milida's* duke, lyes here imprison'd by
The chance of battalle, and then hidden, and
Reserv'd, till we can free her by disguise.

Mel. O sad discoverie of a sorrow worse
Than I indure, I thop'd she had escap'd.

Prof. I heard that thou wert taken in her
traine,

But when the storyes of thy beauty and
Thy vertues reach'd mine eare, I did beleve
Thou hadst familiar knowledge of her face
And thoughts.

Prof.

Mel. I know too much of her to think that
Heaven could thus permit her languish in a Cage.

Fra. None can resist their destiny
but good

Melara comfort her, and preshee for
Kind pity when your conversation shall
Beget some pleasant hours, mention my cares.
And then my love & foe knows the hath so
wrought

Upon my heart, that with me I shall melt
Like Tapers overcharg'd with flames, and die;
Wilt thou implore in my behalf?

Mel. Your bounties have oblig'd me to
be so true

My best, else I were capell for my love
Fra. Feare no surprize, you are secure,
for raice

To day, my house by stern Authority
Was search'd, but vainly they suspect, and
strive

To find this hidden dwelling, that no art
Can imitate for secrecy, and depth

Mel. will you be gone
Fra. I'm sent for to the Palace where
I'm told

I shall endure for this concealment more
Than nature's strength can beare, but I've a
foe

Dares welcome in with strokes
Enter Evandra

Mel. Land me the light, look, there
Evandra sit

Fra. It is remember me, that I may live
Exit

Mel. This mingled passion of strange
griefe and joy,
I can no longer quietly containe

Hail the most beancious virtue of the world.
Evandra Lov'd *Melara*, what dismall chance,
more than

My sorrow can digest, hath brought thee
here?

Mel. Why am I thought on, or enquir'd
for?

A creature that deserves a life, whilst you
Remaine within the house and arms of
death?

Evandra. I feare thou art a captive too.

Mel. Or else the tyranny of war had been
Too much to sell, were't for you, with yours
And like to a wanton bird should play

And wing the aire at liberty, and yet
My ransom's freely paid

Evandra. Thou hast now no prisoner
Mel. A prisoner to you, or else my heart

Were sold, and rudely sworne to permit
Evandra suffer here alone; this war
Hath quickly made strange Riddles too of
love.

Evandra. Thou dost complaine with cause
in the Prison

Mel. Another of your Enemies too much
Of leisure I shall have to acquaine you with
The accidents that brought me to your fight,

Enter Lemell

Evandra. *Melara*, who is that?

Mel. Bie the me: how misadventures to
Alston's house; I saw there is Magick in
This place; Madam, my Brother

Evandra. Ha *Melara*? are thou here too? such
mystricks

Evandra. But what unheard of that distressed
To see, and taste our miserable state?

Lemell. See I begin the little history
Of the story since that time hath varied us,
Low as the earth I fall to make you pitifully

Forgive the crime of destiny, now we
That left me feeble in an August glorie

With the fairest jolle of blood, when I had
trod

Upon my youth & strength the noblest cause
That ere employ'd the anger of a man,

Your liberty, my devotion, and Doves
Are your loves, tho' I, for else what make
You in captivity?

Evandra. Believe me, for your passion is so
great

I understand it not; pray rise, *Evandra*
You fought with all the forward will and
That humane rage could then, but the success

Of valour they above dispose that are
More wise and stronger than our selves.

Lemell. Soe I could weep, but that my eyes
Have not enough of funeral tears to weep
You'l find I am not cognosant to my self.

Altera. The time compells distracted thoughts in all.

Eva. There is a bank within, though cold and bare,
Where never flower (in a dispaire of soune)
Durst fix his root, there we will sit, take and
Compare our miseries; then sing like *Phil-
mel.*

That wisely knows the darknesse only fit
For mourning and complaint; leade there
the light.

*Enter Duke (with letters) Altera, Pros-
pero, Calladine, attendants.*

Duke. Erade me not with such fond cir-
cumstance,
Fit only to periwade the dafine (fit
Of untaught babes; have I not here receiv'd
Her fathers letters, that petition her
Release? why should she looth me thus with
low

Demour in his phrase, if she were free?
Or if not in the towne inclos'd and hid,
Where would she looner fly than to his
armes?

Ala. Sir, give my duty boldnes to beleve,
If she were here, & some good man (that now
Conceales her in his pittious feare) shall so
Assuage your wrath deliver her, you would
Not make her on for death.

Duke. No sir, how cheap then, and how
fraille will you

Soppose my voves? what need we trick,
And dresse our Altars with such reverend
care

Let rather straight pervert their use, greafe
them

VViney plintony, and feast, vesticid wast
Them with the rious of excessfull wine;

Is perjure the least of guilt you can
Periwade me to commit?

Ala. With you would allow m' obedience
leave

To utter truth the vow you made was iust
And nor confirm'd with oath, or Church so-
lemnitie.

Prof. And I am taught the cruelties, or the
Revenge we threaten, heaven is pleas'd when
they

Are never alied but forgot.

Duke. Her father, and desired father,
Whom we long

And woo'd his mercy with humility,
More than dejected Hermities on their knees
Render to Saint, w'd not my brother with
Remorse, but snatch'd him from the world
in all

His pride of youth, his wife, and ripened
thoughts,

When he was fit to rule a nations fate,
And exercise mankind in what was bold,
And good, then shall I not revenge the best
Of all my blood, whilst I have here the chiefe
of his.

Ala. Alas, this act sir, was not hirt, nor in
The justice of our reason is it possible
By derivation or descent to share a guilt.

Prof. Would I had lost the benefit of
strength

When I surprized her, to become the instru-
ment

And pleasure of your rage.

Duke. How Count? to bold? heare me
then fancy child

And minion of the war, whose fortune, not
Success from vertue spring, hath lifted by
A pride more dangerous than traytors
thoughts,

Though I have search'd thy house, & am de-
scated by

Some charme of my discoverie, I still
Believe thou know'st her residence, & bring
Her to my sight, ere yet the Sun declines, or
thou shalt die.

Ala. I must not live to see it then nor can
My businesse here on earth, intice me to
One minutes stay in my mortality,

When I behold your goodnesse so decayd.

Duke. *Ala.* was that said like one that
knowes

His duty to a Father, and a Prince?

Ala. I would be heir unto your vertue sir,
As well as to your blood.

Duke. Have I outliv'd my courage, of-
fence, and

My reason too, tamely to suffer this?
I know thy false ambitious cunning well,

Thou shalt wouldst vexce my weary soile away
That thou might'st raigne, and triumph ore
my tombe;

But heare, and tremble at my vowe.

Cal. Sir, for regard of heaven repent what
you

Would speak, ere utter'd, but become too great;
 A life for mercy to excuse, oblation in a word;
Cal. No more good *Calistus*, I am re-

solvd,
 Since thou art known to own his guilt,
 He shall be safe, and thou endure his punishment;
 Bring me *Evanus* here ere yet the day
 Conceale his light, or the next darkness shall
 Exterminally be thine.

Al. If on my knees I can persuade you to
 An easier doom, this I endeavour it.

Cal. I beg none to compass your sight less;
 But as 'twas first design'd you would convert
 It all on me.

Al. That kindness was ill manner'd; I pray
 You know well you have
 Doth think that an answer; of the
Cal. When 'tis to be *Evanus's* fault?

Cal. Next strike, thou shalt have suffe-
 rance enough.

And gloriously shew I hence from my sight
 Thoa birth ill gotten, and my marriage stain.

Al. He keep my duty still, though not
 your love.

Cal. Dread sir, call back your now, and
 then the Prince.

Yet comfort him; who will the world
 Of such an act as time nere parallel;

And no posterity be so unkind as to believe;
 Do Thou wait as well persuade th' assem-
 bled winds

From all their violence at Sea; I lend me
 Thine eyes, do this; but *Calistus* take
 heed.

Thy professions are not false; I have
 A younger son in *Sicily*, renowned

And deare to Fame, him I will strive to plant
 Ith peoples hearts; as thou art Loyal follow
 me.

Enter Alphy, Frimbo, Egeus, (Vaughan)
Vaf. Just in the posture as you see me Gen-
 tlemen,

Not a hair less in Lock; and I believ'd
 The heart of woman was not able to
 Resist such amorous forces.

Al. But she would come;
Vaf. Name her she plays off the mar-
 riage bed,

She cries for a more strict with the gates,
 Cause there we are not wald' without;

Al. Why fits she the theme, for the look
 in the hand now it is Vaf.

Vaf. And then I'd fine phrases;
 And I'd (what call you it?) of *Wm*

Vaf. Which the interpreter fits, according to
 Some modern Distress of her Self, Her fire,

A *Wm* (gods name) are Soldiers, do
 abhor.

Al. This hate is meted in after death;
 we have

Been hardly bred, and can endure the cold;
Enter Widow, and Lelia

Vaf. She comes, I shall be breathing
 Endeavour Gentlemen, I shall be as brown
 As my hands in wrought, that my life now

Will scarce be fit to come into a Lute;
Wid. Lelia a Chaire, I cannot lift;

Thou shalt be fit to sit in a Chaire;
 Then 30 years since I had harm to my eye;

Vaf. I am your Guardian that came to vi-
 sit you.

Wid. What need it still practice no escape;
 I cannot flye.

Vaf. No? were the window open
 You would behave your selfe as nimbly on
 Your wings as any witch to Europe;

Wid. What saies he *Lelia*, a witch?
Lel. He saies we must one day all flye up-
 wards.

Heaven is the place we wish for;
Wid. 'Tis well said sir, for thither we
 must go.

Both old and young as remedy;
Vaf. As soon as you please if you'll but
 marry me.

Wid. Does he talk of marriage?
Lel. He saies, if you please forsooth.

Wid. Alas my young widowhood is not yet
 Expl'd; if he comes some ten years
 of hence;

Al. About that time she'll make a good
 wife

For an Antiquary to get Records on;
Wid. Although her skin be Parchment, 'tis
 not large

Al. Enough

Enough to make her heart sick; but she is
 so long already, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. How did you like the dance? How
 did you like the dance? w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Wid. Why fit? It went down well.

Vas. Though the Sea were run with blood,
 I have not such a dear throat, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

And deeper than a well; alas the Duke
 Considers not my charge, I do not know how

Toe think of him, and show each of them
 A while in head of a dog's head, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

men.

Wid. That should give her a little scold,
 I'll lay my life

That she will be a faithful friend with artifice
 and a faithful friend with artifice

Priv. Though you may think her at your
 own cost, the proclamation

Believe he allows none but must be such
Vas. When she is used in her own way

If a capon be in her broth, why the
 Countess is no more than a small head, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Lelia. You should be sure you are too
 much of a head, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. Sayst thou so much, widow, prepare
 yourself, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

For I will marry you to night, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

You fast to morton, if the Duke will not
 Afford to sitting down, I shall make bold

To borrow from the Kalender, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

No longer time to delay a good deed.

Wid. Vh, ah, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Wid. This cough (Vas) is of some
 great antiquity, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

How wilt thou sleep by day, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. A little after supper, and let
 her cough like a

Cannon from a fort, I'll free thee from wa-
 king, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. Come, come, provide yourself
 your hood, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

And saye your perrycoates in flame, it is
 a case of conscience, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

All marry, and live chaste.

Wid. Why so, if the Duke will not
 afford to sitting down, I shall make bold

to borrow from the Kalender, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

No longer time to delay a good deed.

Wid. Vh, ah, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Wid. This cough (Vas) is of some
 great antiquity, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

As surely as I shall die, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Provide us music, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Then shall we be in the land of the living, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. Good God, the will to do so, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Any thing but her own content, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. Go, kiss her by this hand, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

More whores than a whore's price, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. In comparison of thee, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. By your leave, widow, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Wid. Much good do you, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

conform to me, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. A very green pippin of the last
 year's growth, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. You shall kiss me, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

widow, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

at my own cost, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. I shall kiss you, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

richly, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. Alas, and the poor girl, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

full for you, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. If one of the hairs of my eyebrow
 were in her way, she's gone, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

and she's gone, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. Her O, she needs a little Prop
 w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Vas. Why, Goddames, there's a little wealth
 in Italy, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Moves faster in a day, provide her little
 But cash, and her two mates well fed, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Courage, widow, show a little
 w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Wid. A certain strength in my side, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

will away in time, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Priv. You are young, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

But given too much to nothing, and to bar-
 nard, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Then dance naked till you are old; good
 w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

You shall kiss me, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Her wedding, w. 1001 514 515 516 517 518 519

Pros. I see you love me not; but since I am a trouble to your sight,
Ere long thou shalt behold my face no
more.

Pros. Thou art a Prophet to thy self, and I
Thy Priest to cut thee out in Sacrifice,
Although unworthy of *Evantra*'s deity.

Leas. *Althine*, can you know no kind to-
morrow?

Pros. Alas, you do mistake my power and
will.

Think on some other beauty, for the world
Hath many that may make you fortunate.

Leas. None but *Evantra* governs in my
breast.

Pros. Her thou shalt nere enjoy; lend me
thine ear.

Leas. Ha! *Prospero*!

Pros. False Knight; was this the cause
That made thee beg conceal'd admittance
here

To practice love where I had planted mine?

Leas. My Lord I understand not of your
love.

Pros. If thou art bold, and since thy ran-
somment

Durst tempt a second hazard of my sword,
Go waste me on the garden mounth where I
Will order, though my heart is doubtful to
Enjoy *Evantra*'s love, thine never shall.

Leas. I will expect thee there; and hence-
forth long

To ravish from thy crest the honour that
I lent thee in our former fight.

Enter Alvaro.

Alv. *Evantra*, reach us thy faire hand
that I

Scale on Jenny's last farewell.

Evan. Ha, whither do you go?

Alv. Where shadows vanish when the
worlds eye winks,

Behind a cloud, and they are seen no more;
The place of absence where we meet (by all
The gossie of intamed thought) we know not
whom,

Only a prompt delight we have in faith
Gives us the easie comfort of a hope.

That our necessities must rather praise than
fear as false.

Evan. O horrid mystery! my tender sea-
ret are smother'd, I faint

Would I knew that it is dangerous to know.

Mel. Why do the stars neglect in this?
why should not the sun know?

VV'e lose the noblest and the best of men!

Pros. He thinks my spirits climb and lift
me to

A valiant duty of his sufferings.

Alv. That thou mayest live here safe till
Prospero

Restore thee unto liberty and light,
I must to darkness go, hover in clouds,

Or in remotes untroubled hills; then
As though mine what is uncreated, yet

Or I must rest in some cold shade where is
No flowy spring, nor everlasting growth,

To ravish us with scent, and dew, as our
Philosophy hath dreamt, and rather seems
To wish than understand.

Evan. All this for me; you shall not dye;
why will

You lay to cheap a value on your selfe,
To think the world should lose you for my

Alas, a needlesse triviall Virgin that
Can never show in hopefull promise halfe

That excellence which you reveale in and
Alv. It is decreed; *Evantra* thou mayst
live

T'increase the small example we have in
Of vertue, which hath made thy breast her

Of throne; Time hath begun to weare away my youth,
And all the good I can performe is to

Preserve the future hope of it in thee.

Evan. *Alv.* help, sorrow hath filld my
heart

With such a heaviness, that I must sink
Beneath its weight;

And chide that hangry destiny that thinks
Us so unworthy of their care.

Mel. My Lord the Prince, is it no lesse
Of her, or you, can ease your fathers wrath?

Alv. The doome is past, and the sad houre
will want

No wings to hasten its approach, come hi-
ther *Prospero*.

Pros. It must not be; though I was a phrase
to show

My nature smother'd, it shall appeare in death.

Alva. I charge thee by our love, by all my state
That bred thee from thy childhood to a sense
Of honour, and the worthiest fears of war,
Thou keep *Evandra* safe till happier dales
Conspire to give her liberty, use her
With such respective holiness as thou
Wouldst do the reliques of a Saint inshrind,
And teach thy rougher manners tenderness
Enough to merit her society.

Pros. What need this conjuration sir? I
meane
To dye for her, that I may save your life;
A brave design, disswade me not, though I
Faile oft in choice of surlag enterprizes,
I know this is becoming sir, and good.

Alva. Thou dye for her? alas poore *Pros.*
That will not satisfie, the shaft aimes here,
Or if it would, I do not like thou shouldst
Thus presse into a cause that I reserve
To dignifie my selfe; urge it no more.
Pros. VVhat am I fit for then, if not to die.
Eva. How am I worthy of this noble strife?
Alva. *Evandra* rise, that I may see some
hope
And comfort in thy strength, before I take
My everlasting leave.

Eva. You have the voyce of death already sir.
Mel. Dismall it seemes, like the last groane
which men
In torture breath out with their soule.

Alva. I could have wish'd I might enjoy
thee and
Be mortall still, mix in a love that should
Produce such noble vertues as would soone
Entice the *Angels* to live here, yet not
B'our conversation grow in pain'd; but these
Are wishes made too high, and late to thrive.
For evermore farewell.

Eva. O sir, where will you leave me then?
Alva. How piteous mystifies me? there in
the Cave.

Eva. It is the mansion Sir of death,
something
Horrid as midnight thoughts can forme so
frights

Me still, I tremble when I enter it.
Alva. Ah! what that is but humane dares
disturbe thy quietness!

Pros. Sir let me see, it dies if it be valuer
rable.

Alva. Still you usurpe my Business *Pros.*
Bide there, I will go down my selfe.

Eva. Sir, 'twill not presently appeare.
Alva. I will attend its fancy leasure then.
(descends the Cave)

Eva. Lock safe the doore *Melona* with
this Key.

Pros. VVhat's your designe? meane you
t'Imprison him?

Eva. Discover (*Prospero*) the inside of
Thy breast; dost thou affect the Prince?

Pros. Next to the absent blessings that our
faith

Perfwades us to, eternity of joyes.

Eva. VVhy then wilt thou permit that
he should taste

A long forgetfulness in a darke grave?
Let us invent some way to ease him of

This penance undefeiv'd, and suffer it our
selves.

Mel. O glorious maid! this goodness
will confer

A dignity for ever on our Sex.

Pros. I'm strangely taken with this virgins
thoughts,

Let me embrace your hand upon my knee--
I thank you much, you have some mercy on
My dull unknowing youth, and can believe

Me fit for noble enterprize, though he
Unkindly did deny my sute: He to

The Duke and tempt his fury till he cause
My death, perhaps when his revenge hath

quench'd
Her thirst with my warm blood, it may grow
cold,

And kindly temperd to you both,
And then I've fully satisfied the crime

Of your captivity, and his free sufferance.

Mel. This Souldier hath a great and da-
ring heart.

Pros. But how shall I enjoy her then? I
scarce

Can understand the happinesse it beares:
T's odd ambition this, but yet 'tis brave,

lie do's: besides, though I'm not learn'd, I
know

VVith certainty, yet I have hope I shall
Be sensible of all her vices on

My tombe, and ev'ry flower she strewes will
there

Take growth as on my garden banks, whilst I
(Delighted spirit) walke and haue 'bout
Their leaves, comparing still their sent with
here

O' will the wondrous brave / Lady, dispatch,
That I may goe, and die.

Even. Since you expresse your will, so
kinde, and violent,

That small provision there allotted to
Sustaine my life, reach up, and straight con-
vey

Into the cave, that he may finde it out,
And not exchange the paine his father
would

Inflict, for punishment.

*Prof. takes from behind the Arras a bottle
and bag, they open the Cave.*

Prof. I had almost forgot false *Leonell*,
He waits me on the mount, I will be with
Him straight, and end his hopes by a long
sleepe

Ere I begin mine owne. (*Descends the Cave.*)

Even. Once more *Melora* lock the doores
now they

Are both secure, tis thou and I that must
Take solemn leave, and never meete in this
Our beauty, colour, or our warmth agen.

Melo. I am astonish'd at her excellence,
And scarce have humble grace enough to
keepe

Ambitious envy from my thought.

Even. Why should these mighty spirits
lay so vast

An oblation on our sex, and leave
Eternall blushes on our foules, cause we
In acts of kinder pity, and remorse
(The virtues sure, wherein we most excell.)
Durst not adventure like to them?

Melo. The Prince deserves a liberall choice
of lives

To ransom this; would mine would satisfie.

Even. How *Melora*? I cannot thinke thou
dost

So faintly love my happinesse, and my
Renowne, to wish to hinder me of both.

Melo. Alas, th' example is so good, I faine
would follow it.

Even. But there is reason that I suffer first.

I have a mourning weed within which thou
Shalt dresse, and reach me wear when so
Apparelled like my cause, I'll walke forth

Duke. That may be done on 10

Melo. O leave me not behind, let me see
company

Your mourning too, perhaps my death may
be

Accepted best, and you bee thought more fit
to live.

Even. Thy inclinations have a noble love,

Thou shalt along I go, call thy brother in,

And call along, this hollowesse is such

He will not heare thee else.

Melo. Now, *Leonell*, my brother *Leonell*.

Enter Leonell

Leo. Tis strange, this *Prospero* appeares not
yet,

Sure he is faint, and's agnish courage comes
To him by fits; what is your will?

Even. If thou dost love me *Leonell* (as thou
Hast sworn, and with assertions most devout)

I know there is no strict command I can
Present, but thy obedience will performe

Leo. Bring me to triall straight, if I prove
weake

Or false, I am unworthy to appeare

In the suns light, or evermore enjoy

The better influence of your eyes.

Even. Give me confirm'd assurance on
your knee

That you will execute with seal'd faith,
And punctual circumstance, what I injoin.

Leo. Let me salute your hand, I breath on
it my vow.

Even. Now he informe thee. *Leonell*, the
said Prince

And *Prospero* are both within the cave,
Shut and inclos'd by us, where hourly thou

Through a small slender wicket shalt convey
Such food, as a disguised servant of

The house (who heretofore provided our
Reliefe) shall helpe thee to take here this key

And not permit their passage forth, till I
Am gone to ordaine by death their liberty

Secure, which I will suffer to appeale the
angry Duke.

Leo. Furies and Fiends cease on my fences
straight

What have I promis'd in the respect of
My dull and inconsiderate love?

And thou dost break thy vow the cur-
se of
The Saints, and mine (which dying will not
least

Afflict thy person) Yet on thy turn. *Ex. Ser.*
*Mr. Never be call'd my brother, nor
ask me*

The honour of my valiant Fathers name.
Enter Mel. *How come, we are too slow in
such*
An act as will outlive all history. *Ex. Mel.*

Leon. O what a dull inhumane Lover am
I grown? that simply by a forward and
Unskillfull duty can consent the Queene
And Lady of my life should be a Sacrifice
To hinder others deaths? this fate is such
A great example of a female fortitude
As must undo all men, and blushing make
Us reele from our unjust advancement one
The world scarce call our lawie beads before
The scarring winds that give us the preche-
Of Sexe; when this is known let women
Counsell, and war, whilst feeble men obey.

Exit.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Enter Callistene (in a night Gown.)

And a Ser.

Cal. A Lady! Is't thou in a mourning
Yet?

What should this rarely visit means, ere yet
By full appearance of the Sun we can
Distinguish day from night?

Ser. Sir, the importunes much to speak
with you.

Sales her affairs asks secrecy and haste.

Cal. Retire a while without, and let her in.

Exit Ser.

Enter Melara (in mourning) *Mel.*

Since first my eyes had judgement to dis-
cern

A meane from excellence, they here beheld
A beauty, to ore-coming and exact;

What are the for a commands, you'd say our
me?

I not remember that I ever saw

A face I would more willingly obey
If it were evill too I'd make your names; I
Believe we gentle Sir when that is
known

You'll think me too unfortunate to list;
I am call'd Evandra.

Cal. Hal! the Prince? wisely did *Proffers*
Preserve thee from my sight, thy beauty is all

Too great and dangerous for youth to know
And be secure; though I never saw her till

This blessed houre, yet Fame assisted me
To imagine an Idea like her selfe;

But why have you forsaken your consort?
Aboard, and thus adventure into the view

Of men? I feare it is not safe.

Mel. 'Tis to employ your vertue for
I know

You love the Prince, though nor with fond
A heart as mine, for that I may restore

Him unto liberty, and to Fathers love,
I here present my selfe to cruel death,

Cal. This is a valiant piety, unfeign'd
That shews her mind more noble than her

shape;
She is not known unto the Duke more than
By guessing Characters came from reports;

She must not dye, though I am his com-
mands

Have singled my allegiance out, it is but
Religion sure to fail in this

Mel. My expectation of the Duke's com-
Endure do more perplex us than the paine
It selfe. I crave you'd not promise my suc-
cess.

Cal. My thoughts have fasten'd unto
your will;

Is there not a captive call'd *Melara*
(Most beautiful and young) that hath

late

Familiar been to your society?

Mel. I feare he hath discover'd me;
D'you know the Lady?

Cal. Only by *Proffers* report, and I
shalt surely desire her person when you shall

Your death alone will satisfy the Duke.

Mel. My prayers have much endur'd
that I may

And Sir, amitt your most humanity,
Receive my key, will give you the place
where

She

She now remains a prisoner by my art;
It is a narrow Closet that one looks
The Orchard grove; you know the house
in Prosper's.

Cal. I am familiar there with all the vaults,
And hidden passages.

Met. Sir, for regard of honour suffer not
Herself to be from that place till I am dead;
Food's so much delighted with this cause,
That with unwilling falsehood I was faine
To take advantage of her orizons,
And whilst the kneeling lengthens her dis-
course

(and
With heaven, steal on this funeral habits
In haste close up the dore to hinder her
Buriall, where now she stays lamenting her
Loford's secure estate, and carrying of
This danger which I chearefully embrace.

Cal. My life shall warrant hers, be pleas'd
to enter there.

And stay till I informe the Duke of your ap-
pearance and approach.

Met. Most willingly, but still for I implore
your mercy would

Secure that Lady, and the Prince, how ere
The angry stars provide for me.

Cal. It is no less unkind 't' importune than
To doubt my care; there Lady, through that
dore—

Expect my self returne will be too soone.

Met. Forgive me best Eumach, that I thus
Assume thy name, and have beguil'd thee of
So brave a death, the motive that perswades
me to do
Did not become thy knowledge nor my
name. *Exit*

Cal. This Princeesse hath a soule I could
adore.

Whilst it remains eclips'd on earth, nor
shall

It yet reach heaven; both being utterly
Unknowne will make the plot with easy help
Succeed. *Met.* I straight I will present

T'appeare the fury of the Duke, and then
This Lady and the Prince are free; through
blood

Is the best issue of our hopes; if fate
Ordaine it thus, I shall prove fortunate.

Enter Metoch, Trifan, Metoch, and Boy:
Come boy, list up your voyce to
your boy window,

Sing the Song I gave you last night, and strike
Your fiddles bravely too, heare up the bur-
then.

Boy. No morning red, and blushing fairies
be through your glass, or curtaine spy'd,
Bar cloudy gray, as the short dayes,
of your old everlasting Bride.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, I'd manage of
Time,

Are Adam were heard, for was in her
Prime.

Boy. Whose swarthy dry'd westphalia bippes,
are shrank to mummie in her skin,
Whose gummies are empty, and her lippes
like eyelids hairy and as thin.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. For Am'rous sighs which virgins use,
she coughs aloud from lungs decay'd,
And with her paffes cannot chuse
but shake, like it trembling of a maid.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. And when her nighty labour swells
to vast extree, her pregnant wombe,
Midwives believe, that it foretells,
a hopeful Tempany to come.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. What used her husband then was heaven,
and for a plentiful off-spring begges,
Since all the issue can be given,
is that which runneth in her legge.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Adel. Good morrow to the right wor-
shipfull leader Capraine Vasco,
And to his right reverend Bride.

Now gentlemen scrupers you may be gone:
Ex. Metoch,

Enter Vasco (dressing himselfe.)
Vas. My good friends, a certaine salt shower

should have
Season'd your feathers, had not my luck bin
To marrie with one that consumes all her
moysture

In shame, a meere Egyptian cloud for
drowth.

Adel. But why so soone about Vasco are
these

A Bridegroomes howred thou art as early up
As creditors in Terme.

Wid. Or Sergeants when
The needy gallant means to feake A boy
ney.

Triph. And they prevent it by catching
his innocent horse.

Vas. Business at Court; but Gentlemen
this is

A resurrection to me, beleeve
I'm risen from the dead, from bones more
dusty

Than theirs that did begin their sleep be-
neath

A marble Coverlet some thousand yeares
ago.

Enter Widow, and Lelia.
Altrif. 'Tis poore *Vasco*? widows can
strangely mortifie.

Wid. Put Dates and Amber in the Crucel
Lelia.

And let it boyle long.

Lel. And that I make the Pontice straight,
and send

Your ather hood forsooth to be new lined.

Wid. First stay till you have rip'd my vet-
vet muske.

Ile have that lining serve.

Vas. She's risen too pure soule,
Devotion and Aches keep her still waking.

Wid. How do you Sir? we must comfort
one another.

Vas. There is need of't, no Mariner ere
had

A worse sight in a storme.

Altrif. 'Tis usage *Vasco* will hardly mollifie
Her Iron Cheek, and make her baw open.

Vas. Nay, I've rane order for her wealth
if she

Would be so courteous now to dy.

Altrif. Beleeve me, you'll find her very
obstinate

Touching that point; 'tis true, a woman
that.

Had the least dramme of kindeesse or of
reason

Would for her husbands benefit depart

This transitory at a minutes warning.

Make a low courtisie, take her leave and dy.

(Sobs listew)
With little noise than flies forsake us in a
frost.

Vas. If you speake of kind reasonable
women,

Alas she's of another mould; she'd think't
A strange request if I should urge it to her.

Though it be evidently for my good.

Triph. What is't for her to dye once? she
She knowes well the ninth eight lives more to
come.

Altrif. 'Tis such times right: I think Capraine
twice for

You make a motion to her; see how 'twill
work.

Vas. Never Gentlemen; if her own good
nature

Will not persuade her to't, let her e'ne live
Till she be thought so much a Ghost, that she

hate
Command her take a house in a Church-
yard.

And never wake but at midnight.

Wid. What do they say *Lelia*?

Lel. Forsooth desiring for your worships
good.

Wid. Kind heart! me thinks you are not
merry Sir.

Vas. Who? I? as joviall as a condemn'd
man I.

Wid. Will you sit down and eat a little
broth?

Vas. I shall be cawlded like a Haberdashers
wife

That lies in of her first child; but methinks
Upon a stricter view you look not well.

Your blood abstracts it selfe, are you not faint?

Altrif. I, and her eyes shrinke; and retire
into

Their melancholly cells; your breath smells
somewhat

Of earth too, but 'tis not much.

Fri. By clady but take heed, my Grandam
thus

Was taken spinning at her wheele, and dy'd
So quickly (as they say) as one would wish.

Triph. I've seene a Coarse look better in a
throwe.

If you have any business now, with leave
I were sit your prayers were short, for I
must leave

You'll not have breath enough to utter it.

Wid. 'Tis more than I seeke; look I'll till
I'm
old blow out a candle at 7.

Lil. As you were wont to do, but
frange and marry.

Wid. Come, leave me in. Pray husband
do not leave me.

Tu. But I in that ever shall be true
In my years: but weep not, will away.

Pa. Every teare shall be as big as a turnip
When I weep; the good pox comfort you,
Which

Follow the game stole, still breath death to
her.

Lil. Warrant you fir, I cannot do a better
Deed than put her in mind of her end.

Each Widow and Lelie.

Vas. Marry a widow, and be clothed up
With cloths and a shellfrost by this day.

May last night lock'd in surgeons box,
Compar'd into her bed; a Potcheries thing

Is a Venerian crotch, and Canopic.

Ath. Those that seek gold, must dig for
it in mines.

Vas. VVell my camp-companions, what
thinke you now

O'm court? I am sent for thither to take
charge

Of what is yet the mocke of a miracle:
But you are all content to thrive, to yet

And strut like lustfull Turkeyes with your
plumes spread.

Ath. 'Tis not amiss, my good Lord
Prisilla.

I kille your lost hands; noble fir keepe on
Your Cordovan, I sweare your glove is a
Preserment, above the merit of my lips.

Pris. You cherish my ambition fir—signieur
Tristan? your pasten'd slave; I pray keepe
on

Your way, I'd rather build another wall
Than to dishonor you by taking this.

Tris. Believe it fir, both hands must be
cut off

Ere I mistake my place you neere the left.

Vas. This promise will do well, follow a
pace,

I must with speed to *Caladine*. *Exeunt*
Queen Evandra, Caladine.

Evam. 'Tis strange, it seemes he knowes me
not, and that

The silly, kind *Meliora* weares my name
He speaks as if her life he treasur'd more
Than mine, 't is a mistake I feare would cho-

sto

Cal. I did not think the mock of nature
could,

In this her colder age, be rich enough
To Note the world with two such beauties

that
Together take their growth and flourishing,

And this unto my instant judgement seems
(If such murthering fortunes admit of differ-

rence).
The more exact, but that the blood & stile
Of Princes makes the other claime our reve-

rence
As well as love, and for *Meliora's* sake, I wish
I could procure that she might live.

Evam. I have consider'd what you told me
fir,

And though the Princeesse through a fond ex-

cellence
Of loves, would hasten a calamity
That all the world must grieve and wonder

at,
Yet I could give her reason an excuse,
For I my selfe to ease her sufferance

Could willingly indure the same.

Cal. It ripens more, and swifter than my
hopes

Designe; you reach at an ambition Lady,
So great and good, my wonder interrupts

My language still, I cannot praise enough.
Can such a vertuous courage dwell in your

sex?

Evam. If you uprightly love her and the
Prince,

(Whose care she is) straight leade me to
the Duke.

And try how real my professions are.

Cal. Forgive me office you invite me to,
Which by the hopes of my religion could

My life excuse, I should esteem't too cheape
An offering. this Lady is the farrall way—

Evam. *Meliora's* my fortune is above
Thy art, and I shall equal thee in love.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke (with Letters) Vasco, Athalia
Prisilla, Tristan, Attendants.

Duke. Again in low petitionarie stile
He begs me by these letters to release

His daughter, and such proffer summons so
vaste

To ransom her, as would overcome the go-
vetown.

(Sings)

But

Love and Honour

But I have sent him such denial, with
 defiance, as must offend and break his
 heart.

By these persons'd smooth traitors of the
 Court,

And I have chosen you to show a duty
 Fitting the stricter discipline of warre,
 To animate all my wil with infinite diligence.

Vas. You must enjoy me for company
 that are

Most horrid, and unnatural, when I
 Prove slow, or faint to execute.

Duke. If these your officers and friends
 Disloyall to your will, you may provide.

The rack and tortures to enforce em too.
Vas. If their own appetites will not persuade.

There is small hope from punishment.
 Marke fir, that whey-fac'd fellow in the red,

The Rack is his delight, and gives him as
 Much ease, as when he is stretch'd with la-

And a coole mornings sleepe.

Duke. It's possible.
Vas. I've seen him suffer the Strapado

Hang in this positiue posture in the syre,
 As he were studying to circumvent nature,

And no sooner downe has call'd for a wench.
Duke. I know you have the skill to govern

them.
 Be sure that *Proffers*' house be digg'd untill

The pinacles and the foundations meet.
 Vaine they deale by sorcery and charmes,

I'll finde these buried lovers out, and my
 False sonne the Prince, that comes darkens

Than blessed light, or my respect.

Vas. I doe not like this businesse should
 concerne

The Princes although the rack be somewhat
 Of season with my old bones for his sake

Enter Melus and Servants
 I shall become a parcel waytor too.

Mel. I feare that *Calistus* delaying his
 Returne so long, might frustrate all my glory,

And how *Estanda's* shift might worke with
 him

Was dangerous. I doe not see her here.
Ser. Pray heaven my Master did not check

my forwardnes.
 Obeey your will, but meanes you should keepe

home.

Mel. My presence here will make his be-
 haviour

I told you so before, and my excuse is, thy
 beha-

Duke. What Lady's that?
Mel. One that to please you with a set

Present my selfe to execution, with
 as liberal joy as to the marriage bed.

And when I see her selfe bounden you
 Will know enough to loose her with

Duke. Is she below'd Bird, flown from the
 darke cage?

Their magicke was not strong enough to bio-
 der destinie,

And you will find small amends pity in
 My broken age. My guard, come on her

straight.

Enter a Guard, and bind her.
Albeit. Peace, thus is *Melus* my prisoner?

Vas. Peace Devil, peace, thou wilt de-
 stroy many mistresses.

A noble girl; I conceive all; now would
 My generous widow be burnt to char-coale

Ere she had braine, or nature for a plot
 Like this; I would eat her, and her clothes

By this hand, her very shooes were a rare
 mass.

Mel. If you expect to find me here a
 lowly son,

'Tis but to batten on your glad content
 With a dispatch upon my life, and that

The Prince may be

Duke. Her spirit seemes to stir my man-
 hood more.

Than it astonishes my fence. I am
 Resolv'd to further your desires, & brave

With all the helpe of cruelty and haste.

Enter Calistus and Servants
Cal. Death, where what make you here?

the Princesse too?

Why did you give her liberty?

Ser. She told me fir, it was with your
 consent.

Cal. She hath ore-reach'd my skill, I am
 beaten.

Duke. Stay *Calistus*, another prize come
 And render me that Ladies name.

D 1

Enter Leonel, Alvaro, Prosper.

Leon. Sit, you have heard how she be-
tray'd me to

A Vow, and with what cruell menacings

My Sister and her self petition'd heaven

To assist their curses in a punishment

Upon my after-life, if I were perjur'd by

A breach of what my promise did assure.

Alva. It was a vow no lesse unkind than
rare,

To imprison us that had no cause nor will

To do a noble stranger injury;

But I have learnt a rarer Philosophy,

Perswades me to forgive all but my selfe.

Pro. How comes the date of your strict
vow expir'd,

And that you now afford us liberty?

Which if my memory be just, you said

She did enjoyne you should not be, ere she

Was gone to suffer death.

Leon. Sir, she is gone, my Sister too; one
that

Attends by your command these hidden
walks

In breathlesse haste just now disill'd the poi-
sonous news

Through my sick care.

Alva. Gone? and to dye? adorn'd

(*Me thinks*) like to an ancient sacrifice

With flowers, which are not sure the issue of

The spring, but of her beauty, and her
breath.

Pro. Would I had patience to endure ca-
lamities

Like this? but I'm forbid by my gall'd heart;

Why did you keep us limited and lockt

I'h Cave when we had power to hinder
her

Departure, and her death? 'twas a bold
crime.

Leon. Sir, I have hope I gain'd your par-
don when

I mention'd the misfortune of my vow.

Pro. I understand not such injurious
vows:

Thou lov'dst her *Leonel*, and through the
pride

Of envy couldst not yeeld, since thy own
hopes

Grew false, what mine should ere be prope-
rious;

Therefore with cunning willingness endur'd
Her desperate folly to the Duke.

Leon. That I did love her first a most
true

And sitting glory to proclaim; but that

I'm guilty of so base a slander as

Your rashness hath dev'd provokes me to.

A rage that may prove dangerous: reclaim

Your thoughts, and teach them more civi-
lity.

Pro. The Prince grows solemn with his
griefe, lest we

Disturbe him let's retire aside, and lile
Whisper such reasons to thee as shall want

No courage to be truths, though they in-
flame.

(*They walke aside.*)

Alva. Fountains that ever weep have in
their tears

Some benefit, they coole the parched earth

And cherish a perpetuall growth; the sad

Arabian tree that fill in Baalmy drops

Dissolves her life, death yield for them, help

A medicine in those tears; but triviall pain

Though he hath sense to weep, may weep

and melt

His injur'd eyes to viewlesse mire, yet all

Th' expense affords is vainly to discern

His morning gives his sorrows life, and

length,

But not the guiltlesse cause a remedy.

(*They dance.*)

Leon. My Lord, I stay'd upon the garden
Mount,

And in the heat of my impatience was

So kind, much to lament your rudeness;

But now I must have leave to think on
that

Delights to heape up wrongs, hath fury

more

To dare than do.

Pro. Were this a Temple, and the
Prince

Employ'd I'h rev'rend service of a Priest,

I could not suffer such a boast from one

That I have us'd with so much clemency

In fight—defend thy life, or it is mine.

(*They draw and fight.*)

Leon. Ate you so masterly—

I find

No lightning in your eye, nor in your
sword.

Prof. You have the skill, but I'll discom-
per it——

Alva. Hold, hold, eager and silly ministers
Of wrath, is this a time to bleed, when
ere

The morning sun uncloud his pensive face,
There will bee streames of blood let our en-
ough

To make him drinke till he be sick with sa-
crifice?

Give me thy sword. How *Prospero*? are my
Commands grown wearisome and cold——

Prof. There fir—— I'm still rebuk'd like
to a boy.

Alva. How long shall I direct thy temper
to

A gentle and a soft demeaner ere thou
Grow wise, and milde Enough to governe it?
Let me intreat you fir, to sheath your wea-
pen too.

Les. Sir, you are worthy to command; and
know

I sweare it for my guard, not insolence.

Prof. I am appointed all my actions still,
As my stupiditie made me not fit
To know, but suffer injuries.

Alva. Why dost thou frowne? the fullen
wrinkles on

A Lyons brow carry a grace, 'cause they
Become a beast, but he that can discern
The nobleness of valor should be smooth
As *Virgins* in their briddall ornaments.

Prof. Sir, I am taught; how ere my senses
are

Not so mistaken and so weake, but that
They know him false; he lov'd *Evantra*.

Alva. Is that a crime? thou told'st me in
the cave
Thou lov'd'st her too.

Prof. I nere darst tell you so,
Till you discern'd my passions, and inforc'd
A true discoverie of their hidden cause.

Alva. But I esteem'd it for a vertue
knowne,

And it indeede thee more to my respect.

Pray tell me fir, did you love *Evantra*?

And with a heart sincere as the desert?

Les. Sir, the confession may be honour,
but
No shame I did, and with a fervencie
Vpbrigh as my Religion could produce.

Alva. O what a prompt and warme de-
light I fee!e

When others reason are inclin'd unto
My choyce? 'tis strange the senselesse world
should so

Mistake the privilege of love, the best
Of objects! heaven affects pluralitie
Of worshippers, adore and serve, whilst we
In that chiefe hope are glad of Rivalship;
And why should Ladies then that imitate

The upper beaury most to mortall view,
Be barr'd a numerous adresse? or we
Envie each others lawfull, though ambitious
sine?

Come, joyne your hands, and scale a friend-
ship here,

Good as inviolare, lasting as truth.

Les. You give my wishes fir, a full content.
Prof. I want the skill to promise fir, but I'll
Performe all your desires with noble faith.

Alva. And now let me embrace you both,
for we

Are lovers all, though when the morne must
rise

To see and blush at th'actions of the world,
Like sad distressed *Turtles* we shall want
Our mate, then we may sit and mourne be-
neath

The willow that ore'shaddowes every brook,
There weepe, till we are vanish quite in
teares

I'll increase the fire me, whose senseless mur-
murs

Will be excus'd hereafter in our cause.

Prof. O that my heart would be the officer
Of death unto it selfe, and breake without
My irreligious helpe; my life is sir'd.

Les. And I have thoughts so wild, so much
unsafe,

They would be sinne in utterance, as is act.

Alva. Give me your hands; with a slow
fun'rall pace

We'll move, to see this dismall Tragedie.
Let's beare it bravely, like such lovers as
Have reason can perswade their courage to
Attempt things bold and fir, whilst there was
hope,

We cherish'd it with proffer of our lives,
But now the strength of Armies cannot free
Her from my fathers wrath, pay, hand in
hand——

To shew this truth in loves Philosophy,
That as one object equally allures
Th'ambition of our hope, so we not inter-
change
Malignant thoughts; but sev'ral lovers, like
Strange Rivers that to the same Ocean trace,
Do when their torrents meet, curl and em-
brace.

Exeunt.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Enter 2. Embassadors with letters, Caladino,
Vasco, Alvaro, Privals.

Cal. Your Letters merit to have power
on my
Respect and diligence; I shall afford
You both; but when I bring you to the
Duke
'Tis to be fear'd you'll find the privilege
Of all my favor there is lost.

Emb. Access and audience Sir is all
our hopes

Presume to get the times besfriend us not.
Emb. We had swift notice of these La-
dies dangers

And Sir, how ere it prove, your wishes must
Oblige us to a lasting gratitude.

Alvaro. What are these strangers Vasco,
that envy

Our sleep, and wake us before day?
Vasco. Embassadors from Milan, whose
hopes want

Some cordiall water, for they're very sick.
Cal. Vasco, it is the Dukes command that
you

Assemble straight some strength from the cast
Regiments

To guard the Pallace yard.
Vasco. What need is Sir to my knowledge
the two Ladys have no

Other weapons than Bodkins, and their
nailes

Cloffe par'd; besides a thread of Eglantine,
Or a small woodbine stalk, will fetter them
As fast as Cables of a Galley-groffe.

Cal. I but deliver what I had in charge.
My Lords Embassadors this is your way.

Emb. These preparations are severe;
I doubt

His mind will not be easily reclaim'd.
Emb. You see the generous people like
it not.

Exeunt. Emb. and Cal.

Vasco. Alvaro, go and muster up from all
The Lanes and Alleys in the Town a troop
Of fine fleet rogues, such as will turne their
backs

To a bullet and outrun it; yet love
Commotion too, I would have such Alvaro,

Alvaro. Let me furnish you; hell shall not
yeeld a Regiment

Of Fiends that will be more invisable
At the approach of Justice or Religion.

Alvaro. O for a tiny short trun'd Baker-
shat

I knew; A Carman too, that dy'd some three
Months since with eating meazled porke;

they would
Have march'd to such a war with cowkstaffe
and

Batoone like Hercules.

Enter Trifan (healing the Widow)
and Lelia.

Vasco. How now? whither move you so fast,
like a

Fleet snail over a cabidge leaf, so early too?
She sleeps lesse than carriers, traytors, or
Madmen.

Trifan. She requests me to be the staffe of her
ace.

Vasco. But whither I pray?
Wid. Why Sir, to see the shew.

Vasco. The shew! the motion of Queene
Gambiers death

Acted by puppets would please you as well;
The Jade too is as full of remorse as

A Beare that wants his supper.
Wid. I would have a safe place, where I
may stand

And weep without having my handker-
chiefe

Stolne away.

Lelia. It is of pure Cambrick forsooth,
And made of her Grandmothers wedding
Apron.

Wid. Yes truly, and wrought when I was
a maid.

Alvaro. That's an antiquity beyond all
record.

Vasco. Sirra Trifan, be you sure you avoid
No throng, a crowd well thustled, and close
pack'd,

May do now a speciall courtship;
Let her be squeezed, for she's as rotten as

A hollow tree that stands without a root.

Triff. My shoulder shall help too at a dead lift.

Fri. A Scaffold that were weakly built would serve.

Wid. VVe must make haste; farewell Lambe.

Vas. Lambe; which my own translation renders calfe.

Altreß. 'Twill be long ere thou grow up to a bull:

For few will venter to help thee to hornes.

Vas. VVell Gentlemen pittie my case, I have

Endur'd another night would tire a Perdu, More than a wet furrow and a great frost.

Fri. VVill the not dye?

Vas. I have perswaded her, but still in vaine;

And all the help the Laws afford us poore Mistaken men, that marry gold instead Of flesh, is a divorce, it must be thought On suddenly; *Altreß*, haste to your charge.

Altreß. Good morrow Cavaliers.

Vas. 'Twill be an houre yet before that greeting

Be in season; pray heaven *Tristan* remember the crowd.

Enter Alvaro, Prospero, Leonel, and Boy (singing.)

Alva. This glorious hazzard in thy sister (*Leonel*)

Doth equally perplex my sufferance With what the faire *Evandra* must endure.

Leo. You now have heard the cheartfull Art she us'd

To be the first that should confirme her love

With prostitution of her virgin life.

Alva. But why for me? how poore they make me now,

That have betray'd me to a debt the wealth Of Saints (that are in kindnesse ever rich)

Is not of able value to discharge; I move them both with equall flame, and I

Distinguish neither beauty when compar'd, 'Tis vertue and remorse give Ladies emi-

nence In the severe discretion of my heart.

Pro. I want the wildome how to love; but I

Am sure I find I love, and 'tis too much.

Alva. Come sing; would musick had the power to give

A life, as it hath had to move things dead.

Song.

O draw your Curtaines and appear,

Ere long, like sparkes that upward flie,

We can but vainly say you were,

So soon you'l vanish from the eye.

And in what Star we both shall find

(For sure you can't divided be)

Is not to Lovers Art offend,

'Twill puzzle wits Astrilogy.

Enter Evandra, and Melora, above.

Evan. Who is it that assumes the office of

The dying Swan? all Musick now (me thinks)

Is obsequy, and he that sings should sing his death.

Mel. The gentle and most valiant Prince, bold *Prospero*.

Evan. And there behold the faithfull *Leonel*.

Leon. O pardon me that I have kept my vow.

Evan. Brave youth! I prize thy truth great as thy love;

We now are mark'd here, and inclin'd for death,

So you have all a blessed liberty.

Alva. A liberty! we are more bound than slaves unto

Th' unwieldy care; like harness'd cartell in A Teeme, we draw a load of sorrow after us

That tires our strength.

Evan. There was no way but this

To keep you still among the living, who Before endeavour'd nobly to procure

Our freedome with your deaths; do not repine

At destiny, all remedy is past.

Alva. A fallall truth; for we but now de-
jected on our knees

Did

Did wooe my Fathers merry, and in vaine.

Pros. Then strive not by untimely rage to help

And further our impossible release
With certaine hazzard of your selves; our last

Sote is, we may begin our willing death
As quietly as undisturbed sleep.

Leas. The silly crime of envy which unlearn'd

And haungny Lovers use, I shall prevent;
You'll want the object now, that makes you interchange.

The next remembrance of each others claime.

Alva. Were you to live we could not share that guilt;

Though sumber make us three, wife love hath given

Us all one peacefull heart.

Evans. O *Melira*! were it but timely now
To with continuance of mortality,

Like them, we should not differ though the same

One virtue were our mutuall hope and choice;

But you should chide her fir, for she hath lov'd

Your happinesse too much, vainely to lose
Her life when mine would satisfie.

Alva. Why *Melira* didst thou undo my soule

With so strange courtscie? but why did you

Evandra stay, o stay, leave us not yet.

Evans. The Guard are entred here, and now the last

And shortest of our houres is come; farewell

Brave Prince; brave *Leonell* farewell; farewell brave *Prospero*

Mel. The gentle valiant Prince
Farewell; and valiant *Leone* farewell;

Farewell the hardy *Prospero*. *Ex. from above.*

Leas. and Pros. draw their swords.
Alva. Nay, this no Gentlemen, it is in vaine,

They are beyond all humane help; would you

Scale heaven, and coole the fiery Sea with your

Frail breath when he doth scorch you with his beames?

For such is now the enterprize that strives
To rescue them from this high Fort.

Leas. Would I were in a Cannon charg'd, then straight

Shot out to batter it, and be no more.

Pros. Would all the stones might be ordain'd my food

Till I could eat their passage out.

Alva. These angry exaltations shew but poore.

Pros. Sir, whither shall we go?

Alva. To see them dye; but not like vaine and colerick boyes, to shew

A fury that can hazzard none but our disdained swords; yet still my worthy

friends

There is an undertaking left, and such
As valiant lovers may performe, why should

The base and durty Guard be honour'd with
Our opposition or our blood? have we

Not griefe enough to dye without their help?
Let us with fix'd and wary eyes behold

These Ladies suffer, but with silence still,
Calmely like pinion'd doves, and when we see

The fatal stroke is given, swell up our sad
And injur'd hearts untill they break.

Leas. I do not find my self unapt for this.

Pros. My breast contains an angry lump
that is

Too stubborne for a quiet bravery;
He that shall strike *Evandra* life shall scelle

Me till he sink low as the hollowesse where
Devils dwell.

Alva. This way; let us avoid the gazing
multitude. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Caladine, Vasco, 2 Ambassadors, and Attendants.

Du. Have you unto your Officers given charge

To guard the passage from the Fort unto
The Pallace yard with bold well-govern'd

men?

Vas. All is directed Sir as you command;
But for their government, if it be to be had

in prisons, galleys, or stews, you may
Trust them with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Cal. His resolution's fixed, and there remains

No comfortable signe to flatter hope.

Du. My Lords Embassadors sit down; and though

Y^e now behold a Prince that rather loves
To be thought cruel than to break his
word,

Do not believe to be severely just
Is tyranny; you shall have faire admittance,

Yet your request unkindly ought to be
Deny'd; and though your Master (when the
chance

Of war rendered my brother in his power)
Stole in the dark his noble life, and durst
Not give the washfull act a gentill view;
I'm not asham'd to publish my revenge,
It shall be openly perform'd, to shew
I not suspect men's censure or dislike.

1 Emb. Sir, be that ministers revenge may hurt

And damage others, but can bring no good
Or profit to himselfe.

a Emb. And with your Highnesse leave,
we think it were

More wise to mulct our Masters treasure,
which

Shall be exhausted freely to your own
Proportion and content, so you will take
His Daughter and her lov'd companion
from

The danger of this day.

*Enter Evandra, Melora, Guard, at one door:
Alvaro, Prospero, Leonilla at the other.*

Du. I will not sell my brother's blood;
The prisoners approach, make room; ere
long

They shall enjoy the liberty of soules;
Prospero.
Alva. How beautifull is sorrow when it
dwells

Within these Ladies eyes? so comely that it
makes

Felicity in others seeme deform'd.

I with my patience may be strong enough.

Leon. I now begin to doubt I am not fit
To see their inward and indur'd.

Pro. Nor I, my loyalty already's kind

Beyond the temperate suffrance of a man.

Du. Thou seest the Prince wears rivell'd
In his locks;

Though any opposition he can make
Be but impotent and weak, yet charge
Thy Officers, if he endeavor to

Disturbe my will, impudently to stir
Vas. I shall observe him Sir; I do not like

This employment; the Prince will send no
Enemies in all my tribe.

Du. If you have any words from
Imports their knowledge, ere they dye, be
briefe

My Lords Embassadors; I give you leave
To whisper your advice, or if you please

To make it publike to the world.

1 Emb. Your cruell resolutions Sir, have
Confin'd our liberality, that all

We shall deliver to Evandra now

Is but her Fathers and her Countesses mords,
And those we can by depuration pay

To the todays ring of our eyes.

a Emb. And to Melora, that in kindnesse
thus

Has shad her destiny, we do confer
The worlds eternall wonder and applause.

Evandra. It will deprive me of some joy in
death, to think

My Father needs must suffer by a vaine
Unprofitable grieve, and 'tis the last

Request I make, that he would wisely now
Forget my obsequies and name.

Mel. And my desires make sure, that those
who shall

Henceafter write the businesse of this day,
May not believe I suffer for the hope

Of glorious Fame; but for a secret in my
hidden love.

1 Emb. Question your justice Sir, what
they both dye

Du. Both; and I think my payment 's but
short,

When I consider well the measure of
My brothers worth, with their unvalu'd Sex,

And with some man that boasts your misters
blood

Were singly here to undergoe their fate,
It would more pleasure my revenge, but since

There is no hope in that desire, away, lead
them to death.

Lea. Stay Sir, relieve them but one minutes space
Until you heare a stranger speake.

Alva. What means this noble youth?

Da. Be fadden in thy speech, for my revenge brooks no delay.

Lea. If I produce a man ally'd unto this Family you so abhor,

Great as your selfe in title and descent,
Will you with solemne vow confirme their liberty.

And take his life to satiasie your wrath?

Da. By the honour of a Princes faith I will;
And such a miracle would ravish me.

Lea. I dare belevee your vow; you were so lust

Though cruell in your last, and know my joyes

Must take the privilege to boast you now

Have lost the power to make them dye.

Da. It shall be wonderfull if that prove true.

Lea. I am not *Leonell* the *Millaine* Knight,
But *Leonell* the Duke of *Parma* Son,
Heire to his fortune and his fame.

Evan. O *Aspera*! thy brother will reveale
Himselfe and quite undoe our glorions strife.

Lea. By this you find I am to *Millaine* near
Ally'd; but more to tempt your fury on
My life, know 'twas my valiant Father took
Your brother prisoner, and presented him
Where he receiv'd his death; my Father that
So oft hath humbled you in war, and made
His victories triumph almost upon
The ruines of your State.

Alva. So young, and fill'd with thoughts so
excellent,

That they surpasse my wonder more than
love!

Well mayest thou worship, *Prospero*, but
durst not envy him.

Pro. B'ing your Disciple Sir,
I'm better taught; but 'tis no crime to
wish

Fortune had made me Heire of *Parma* and
Not him, then I had dy'd for them.

Vas. This is some comfort yet; I'm for
the Ladies.

Cal. But 'thath not given our sorrows a
full cure.

Da. Sir you are boldest with your selfe;
but you

Shall see I need no provocation to
Observe my vow; unbind the Ladies there,
And beare him straight to death.

Emb. Stay Sir, he must not dye.

Da. How? age and griefe makes thee
foole, and mad.

Emb. He must not Sir, if your revenge be
wise,

And fix your anger where 'tis most deserv'd

(Takes off a false beard)

Behold *Millaine* himselfe your Enemy;

Live princely youth, and let my teares
(which time

Would soone determine) be the ransom of
My chiefest blood; *Evantra* do not weep.

Evan. O Sir, there was lesse use of me;
why would

You with this danger on your selfe destroy
That noble fame I vertuously pursu'd?

Me. Our hope of endlesse glory now is
lost.

Alva. Sure heaven intends more blessings
to this day.

Da. I have achiev'd my wishes in full
height;

This was a justice fir, more than I could
Expect from my own Stars; free *Leonell*
And let him suffer the prepared stroke.

Emb. First heare me speak, and sig how
ever you?

Interpret the discretion of my words
I am resolv'd he shall not dye, nor none
Of these, though all in your command and
power.

Vas. Say 't thou so old Shaver? make but
that good,

The maids of *Sevay* shall everlastingly
Pay thee tribute in dainty gloves and Nose-
gays

To stick in thy girdle.

Da. This were a mystery would please in-
deed.

Emb. Look on me well; I am your bro-
ther Sir, (Takes off a false beard)

And though ten yeares I have been hidden
from

Your sight, this noble Duke hath us'd me so
I cannot call it banishment, but the
(etir'd and quiet happinesse of life)

Alva. How wisely have the heavens con-
triv'd this joy?

1 *Emb.* And though his fortune in the war,
which made

Your Arm's ever flourish with successe,
Toight me prevent my Countries ruine by
Disaistaining him from your employment there,
Yet he enjoy'd all the delights that solitude
Affords: and when he chose his happinesse
In Books and deep Discourses of the learn'd,
I search'd the most remote and knowing
world.

For men to furnish his desires.

2 *Emb.* It is acknowledg'd sir, and with a
bounteous thanks. (me)

Duk. How welcome are these miracles? les
Embrace thee as the greatest joy that since
My birth I have receiv'd. O my lov'd brother,

Thou see'st though absent I've been faithfull
to

Thy vertues, and thy memorie.

2 *Emb.* But fir, too strict a master of your
vow.

Yet tis a fault my gratitude should more
Admire with thankfulness, than chide.

Duk. This happy day deserves a place fa-
vourable

And eminent in Kallander.

2 *Emb.* First I will give into your cour-
teous armes

The Duke of *Milaine* sir, good & renown'd;
And now the bold and princely *Leimell*;
Then *Alvares* my honourd nephew that
Deserves the best of humane praise in love.

The Duke embraces them.

Alva. Dread sir, that every one may share
the joy

And blessings of this precious houre, let me
Restore poore *Prospera* into your breast.

Duk. He shall bee cherish'd and his faults
forgiven.

Prof. I shall deserve it fir in future deeds
Of honour, and of loyall faith: how I
Am rap'd to see those wonders strangely
thrive!

Kal. What thinke you of the stars now
Celestia?

Doe these small twinkling Gentlewomen
Looke to their businesse well? have they a
care of us?

Duk. In beyond our merit or our hope.

Kal. He buy me an optick, study Astro-
nomy.

And visit e'm ev'ry faire night ore my house
leds.

Duk. The chiefeest happinesse of vertue is
Th'increase, which to procure, with *Hymen*
help

Wee'l knir, and intermingle lovers hearts.
Come my *Alvares*, Ile bellow thee straight.

Mels. A little patience fir, and heare me
speake

Before you give what lawfully is mine.

Duk. Indeed thou dost deserve him by thy
love.

Mel. In love *Evandras* interest justly
Doth equall mine, but I appeale unto
His vow, which sure her goodnesse will af-
fist.

Alva. And my religion shall persuade me
keepe

But where (*Melara*) was it made?

Mels. Within my fathers court, when five
yeares since

(Disgun'd you stole to see a triumph there)
You promis'd if our houses enquity
Vvere ever reconcil'd, the church should
joyne our hands.

Leon Sir, VVhat my sister speaks I'm wi-
nesse to,

And hope this day shall end our parturs
strife

In a kinde peace.

Duk. VVhich thus I doe confirme;

Take him *Melara*, with him all the joyes
Thy vertues or our prayers can procure.

Alva. Didst thou for this with kind *Evandras*
strive

VVho should encounter danger first? al-
though

Thy beauty's chang'd, it is not lost; I now
Remember thee, and my vowes prophecie.

Embrace.

1. *Emb.* Now my best *Evandra* give me
thy hand;

And heare receive it valiant *Leimell*;
That I may ratifie the faith I gave,
If ere this war expir'd she should be thine.

Duk. Then hee may challenge present
interest,

For we may meet to heare voyces and lutes,
But never more the angry Drum.

Even *Alvares*'s vertues fir, and yours, have
begn.

An equall claim; persons I nere admir'd
So much to make a difference in my choyce;
Therefore my fathers promise, and my love
Have made me yours.

Leon. I am overcharg'd with my felicitie.

Alu. To Evandra. gladness be still renew'd,

Who since I see so worthily bestow'd,
My love is quieted in everlasting rest.

Evand. And mine by your exact, and perfect
choyce.

Prof. These glad achievements are so
well deserv'd,

I not maligne your loyes; Ile to the warr
And fight to win you a perpetuall peace.

(Vasco takes Millame aside.)

Vas. I'm bold to crave acquaintance with
your grace,

And to begin it with a sute.

Emb. It shall be granted Sir,

Vas. I have married your Graces Country-
woman,

And was a little (sir) mistaken in her age,
Would you'd procure us a divorcee.

Emb. If you can make't appeare she is
too old.

Vas. She writes a hundred and ten (Sir)
next grasse.

Emb. 'Tis a faire age; well Sir, you shal
have a divorcee,

And what the profits of her dowry would
Have been, I will my selfe bestow on you.

Vas. Such another good day makes us all
mad.

Du. Come, to the Temple, and let's joyne
those hearts

That with such pious courage have endur'd

The tryall of a noble constant faith,

Whom tortures nor the frowns of death
could move.

This happy day we'll consecrate to love.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

But that the Tyran custome bears such sway,
We would present no Prologue to our Play,
Since we have learn'd in Prologues all the
(scope)

Is with weak words to strengthen weaker hopes.

When with sad solemn phrase we court each eare

Not to observe, but pardon what you heare:

Or if there were but one so strangely wise

Whose judgement strives to please, and trust his

Him at an easie charge we could provoke (eyes,

To a kind doome with this grave long old cloak,

New for the over-subtle few, who raise

Themselves a triviall fame by a dispraise,

Our bold opinion is, they may deserv

Some easie wit, but much more cruelty.

EPILOGUE.

Two Gentlemen you must vouchsafe a while
To excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but
And 'tis to think, how like a subtle spy (smile,
Our Poet waits below to heare his destiny,
Just in the Entry as you passe, the place
Where first you mention your dislike or grace:
Pray whisper softly that he may not heare,
Or else such words as shall not blast his eare.